

CHARIVARIA.

"POLE reached. Roosevelt safe," cabled Commander PEARY. Big Game in Africa seems to have got wind of this new triumph of the American flag, and to be treating the ex-President with increased respect.

Last week a party of Suffragettes scaled the walls at Lympe Castle, Hythe, where Mr. ASQUITH was residing, broke the windows, and did other damage. Yet Mr. ASQUITH still refuses to give them the vote. This surely is sheer obstinacy.

Mr. BIRRELL describes the Budget as "a tooth-extracting machine." We cannot help thinking that some members of the Government are using an excessive amount of gas.

Mr. ALFRED MOND, M.P., says that he feels it almost a disgrace to belong to a class—the rich—who take such short-sighted, selfish views of our national, communal needs. Cheer up, Mr. MOND. It won't be long. The next Socialist Government will do its best to relieve you of the source of your bitter shame.

Proof is at last forthcoming of the statement that the rate at which Germany could have her *Dreadnoughts* ready for action has been grossly exaggerated. The *Westfalen* has found it impossible to make the passage down the Weser from the construction yard to the open sea, and will be obliged to remain in dock for fully four weeks until the next spring tides.

As the result of diplomatic representations MULAI HAFID is to treat the Pretender with greater leniency, and it is rumoured that, instead of being hanged, drawn, and quartered, the distinguished prisoner will only be drawn and quartered.

Tobacco, it is said, is gradually being ousted by sweets. We fancy, however, that it will be some little time before it will be a common sight to see men about town walking down Pall Mall with a sugar-stick in the mouth instead of a cigarette.

"The male sex, as a whole, shows far less independence about clothing itself than the female," says *The Lady*. "Even in the matter of colour men bow slavishly to the fashion." Black men, for instance, are rather out of fashion just now.

The People's Friend advocates that motorists should now and then give pedestrians a lift, as a means of abating prejudice against motor-cars. And yet



Servant (who has been sent to chastise a stray cat for stalking chickens). "I—COULDN'T—CATCH 'IM—MUM—FOR THE NEARER I—GOT TO 'IM—THE FURTHER 'E GOT AWAY."

our experience is that it is just those persons who have been picked off their feet by a car who become the most rabid opponents of this method of locomotion.

"Brain work," says *The Family Doctor*, "should be forbidden after dinner." A well-known author, who never writes except in the evening, has long anticipated this advice.

The house-surgeon was surveying the newly arrived out-patient. One eye was bandaged and the other blackened, there were ugly scars on his forehead, and a piece was missing from his left ear. "Had a fair knocking about?"

remarked the house surgeon. The sufferer's face lighted up. "T'other bloke 's a *hin*-patient," he said.

Extract from a pathetic letter in a country paper:—

"Ever since I have known starlings, I have noticed that their habits seem to have deteriorated."

The society of the writer seems to have been too much for them.

From an Edinburgh paper's report of a shooting-match:

"At luncheon time the Royal Scots led by 19 pints."

We can only faintly imagine what they led by at the end of luncheon.

THE BATTLE OF THE POLE.

To DR. COOK ONCE MORE.

LAST week the world was at your beck ;

We saw you fêted, mobbed and fed ;

'Twas roses, roses round your neck,

And Copenhagen off its head,

And Princes putting bumpers down

To mark their sense of your renown.

To-day the bakéd meats are off,

The streams of medals cease to flow,

And maffickers remain to scoff,

Saying, "We always told you so ;"

And just because Commander PEARY

Adds to your claims an awkward query.

He too, it seems, surveyed the place,

And, though he made a careful search

For tubes and footprints, found no trace

Of you about the Pole (or perch) ;

Indeed he hints our Arctic flier

Is little better than a liar.

'Twas *he* who fared through glacial fogs

And nailed "Old Glory" to the Pole ;

You merely went and pinched his dogs

And took a trifling northward stroll ;

(I fear ETUKISHOOK and Co.

Have been and given away the show).

So far from having reached the spot

Where he put in a recent call,

He says you never even got

Anywhere near the scene at all ;

That's his account ; it only shows

How leaky are the Eskimos.

He wires to Mrs. P. to say,

"I have him nailed" (another *clou* !)

Omitting in his kindly way

To mention what he'd nailed you to ;

It cost his generous heart a pang

To use this piece of Polar slang.

For me, I leave, with great content,

The task of telling black from white

To partisan arbitrament—

The Cookster and the Pearyite :

Let them decide—it's their dispute—

Which gets the bulge and which the boot.

At worst it means a civil feud—

This lot alleging you have lied,

While that, becoming almost rude,

Heaves carrion at the other side,

And calls your rival record-breaker

A fetid tough, a champion faker.

Meanwhile at home we well may thank

Our stars that it did not occur

To one of you to be a Yank,

And one by birth a Britisher ;

U. S. would now be arming for

A long and bloody Polar War.

O. S.

"Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, Suffragist, was struck off Division 3, at Chelsea, which contains the Local Government list, on the ground that she had removed from Cheyne-walk."—*Daily Paper*.

"Sylvia, this day I will disfranchise thee," as SHAKESPEARE very nearly said in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act III., Scene 1.

THE IDEAL DENTIST.

["THE idea behind the construction of the ideal dentist's surgery shown at the International Exhibition of the Society of Extractors and Adapters of Teeth, now being held at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, is to charm the senses of a patient, and to keep out of sight anything that would suggest a dentist's operating-room. Tasteful pictures hang upon the art-papered walls; footsteps are deadened by a thick pile carpet; finely inlaid furniture fills the room, with a luxurious easy-chair in the centre. Every instrument is hidden. The paraphernalia of the profession repose in a mirrored cabinet, which opens noiselessly. . . . The usual drilling machine is absent. In its place is a suspended silvered globe, from which hangs a flexible tube, which is worked by an electric motor secreted in the wall, with even the switch hidden. No customary dentist's basin is there, but a bowl like a pedestal rose-bowl. Even the anæsthetic bag appears disguised as a large silk handkerchief."—*Daily Mail*.]

Which is all quite charming, so far as the ideal operating-room is concerned. But if the Ideal Dentist is to live up to his surroundings he will surely require some appropriate small talk for professional purposes.

Mr. Punch begs to submit some specimen sentences which he trusts will be found suitable to any ordinary requirements. He makes no charge for them.

"How do you do, my dear Sir? Most friendly of you to look in on me like this. . . . You find me quite alone, as you see. . . . No, I am not particularly busy—at present. . . ."

"This is what I call my 'Snuggery.' . . . You are very kind; I have done my best to make it a really pleasant apartment. . . ."

"A 'New Art' wall-paper, you observe. The pattern is perhaps just a trifle wriggly, but it grows on you. I see you are struck by that view of the '*Dent du Midi*.' Magnificently drawn, is it not? . . . Yes, I have attempted it myself many a time with a pick, though I must confess that hitherto it has resisted all my assaults. . . . On the whole I consider the *Lösfang* more accessible, while the *Milchzahn* is, of course, the merest child's play. But evidently you are not an enthusiast. . . ."

"That cabinet? Yes, it is an antique. Beautifully inlaid with ivory and steel. . . . Inside it? Oh, well, nothing particular, *bric-à-brac* of sorts. . . . I shall hope to have the pleasure of showing you one or two of them before you go. . . . No, I shouldn't call myself a *connoisseur*, precisely. If I have a hobby, it's collecting objects in ancient ivory—if you know what I mean. . . . No, it is not difficult to get hold of them—if you are anything of an expert.

"Pardon me, that is *not* a basin. I should rather describe it as a 'Rose-bowl,' supported, as you perceive, on an ornamental pedestal of—let me see, now, is it *Jasper*? No, I'm wrong—*Bloodstone*, of course. . . . Perforated, is it? Why, bless me, now I come to look at it, so it is! I wonder why.

"Do sit down. I am sure you must need a rest. This is not a chair which I am in the habit of occupying myself, but still I trust you will find it fairly comfortable.

"Believe me, I fully understand that you have come here on serious business, not merely to gossip. You have only to open your mouth, my dear Sir, and you will find me all attention. . . ."

"Why have I attached an electric searchlight to my forehead? Well, really, I hardly know. *Habit*, I suppose. From no idle curiosity, I assure you. Nor yet conceit, though you must admit that it is a decorative form of head-dress. And you would hardly believe how it amuses the children!

"H'm—dear me—tut-tut-tut! Excuse me a moment. . . . No, I am merely going through my cabinet of curios. . . . Isn't this one charming? Such a delicate feeling in it!

"Eh? That little silvered globe suspended there? Ah, I thought that would appeal to you. 'Cinque-cento' work,



THE TACTICIAN.

THE BUDGET BOY. "BUT SUPPOSING HE WANTS TO EAT ME UP?"

UNCLE ASQUITH. "IT'LL BE THE GREATEST MISTAKE HE EVER MADE IN HIS LIFE. I'VE ONLY BEEN WAITING FOR A REALLY GOOD EXCUSE TO DESTROY HIM."





- A.T. SMITH -

Absent-minded Detective. "SPEAK UP, PLEASE!"

that is—engraved with a classical subject in low relief, 'Cadmus sowing the dragon's teeth.' Singular fancy, is it not? Wonder what on earth put it into the artist fellow's head. . . . Allow me to bring it a little closer. . . . Really, I think you must be mistaken. It *can't* be causing you any really acute discomfort, because it's quite impossible to see the switch that turns on the motor. . . . Drilling a hole in your front tooth, is it? You don't *say* so! How *very* odd! But these things *will* happen occasionally—and after all, my dear Sir, what you lose in ivory you will gain in gold. We Adapters of Teeth are the modern alchemists, if you'll excuse the flight of fancy. . . . Pray consider yourself at perfect liberty to sing out if you feel so inclined. . . . You cannot out-sing my canary.

"And now let me recommend you to take one more look at the Rose-bowl. . . .

"Ha! here we come to the—ah—*fons et origo mali*. Do you know, my dear Sir, I'm *afraid* I must ask you to leave this entirely in *my* hands. . . . Let me introduce you to my medical assistant. You will find him excellent company. . . . What is he showing you? Oh, merely a silk handkerchief. The design is quite artistic, is it not? What people used to call 'aesthetic,' do you think? You may be perfectly right—still I should have said myself that it was quite the reverse. But deliciously perfumed. Try it—just one sniff. . . .

"I will detain you no longer, my dear Sir. I have enjoyed our little *tête-à-tête* immensely. . . . Pray don't *think* of it! I am more than repaid already by the pleasure of your society. . . . However, of course, if you— Forgive me, not three guineas—*four*. You are doubtless unaware of it, but in the first stage of recovery from the anæsthetic you blacked my medical assistant's eye and knocked me flat under the Elizabethan buffet. . . . Oh, not at all. Don't mention it. We were only too delighted to observe *any* symptoms of returning animation. . . . Good-bye. You mustn't let so long a time pass before you pay me your *next* visit. And do notice the umbrella-stand on your way out—pure fourteenth-century Gothic!"

F. A.

ARCTIC ITEMS.

(From "The North Pole Daily Frost.")

TOURIST.—The tourist season opened early this year, our first visitor arriving on April 6. It will be remembered that last year the rush for the Pole commenced on April 21.

TO LET.—The North Pole (just off) old-fashioned snow-bungalow standing on its own floe. One kitchen-bed-sitting-room. Suit family of nine. Southern exposure on four sides.

WANTED.—Great Northern Hotel, Peary Avenue, night-porter; hours September to March. Six months' holiday annually. Protestant, sober, sleep out; salary to suitable man two walrus tusks and eight dried penguin per month.

CAN any Lady recommend single-handed housemaid for small family in ice-cave, must help with fur-repairing, but all thawing sent out.

BLUBBER.—For indigestion try our Pasteurised Jersey Whale Blubber. No cooking required. Sold only in two-pound blocks.

WHY eat cold food when one bear-tooth will buy you a pound of our patent THERMOXO?

CANDLES.—The most suitable Christmas present for a Lady is a package of our carefully matured tallow candles. If used as an illuminant one of our candles will maintain a one-candle-power light until consumed; if used as a condiment it will supply more than three times as much nourishment as an equal bulk of whale-bone.

FOR SALE.—One-third share in the smell of a musk-ox, healthy young animal, whose scent can be perceived at a distance of five furlongs in the face of a six-mile breeze.

LECTURE.—On December 12 Professor Kosplatnik, the famous equatorial explorer, will deliver an open-air address upon "How I nailed the North Pole flag to the Equator."

LOST.—A metal cylinder containing a record of the discovery of the North Pole. Suitable reward offered by the owner.

THE UNEARNED INCREMENT.

PEOPLE pass me in the street without a second glance; sometimes even—I can't say why—with a slightly amused smile. And yet, did they but know it, I am no common man. I have done what no one ever did before—what, in all human probability, no one will ever do again.

It happened this summer, when I was staying in the country with the Plimleys. (Quite a respectable family. At least, they have gryphons on their gateposts.) When I had been there three days, and had beaten them all at golf-croquet, I asked if there was such a thing as a *Bradshaw* in the House. "Oh, but," they said, "you must stop for our Church Bazaar to-morrow. *Such fun.*" It seemed that the parishioners of Market Shortwayte had recklessly built a Gothic cottage for their sexton, and now owed £429 13s. 1d. for it. So I stayed.

When we got into the marquee the Plimleys, to a woman, deserted me, and I stood stranded in a circling throng till a girl came up to me with something large and smooth and round, worked all over with white cauliflowers.

"You *will* buy it, won't you?" she said.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Only ten shillings."

"Yes, but *what* is it?" I persisted.

"Why, a cushion, of course," said she.

"Sorry," said I, "but my size is nines." So I lost her, and went and stood by a lucky-tub, where a female bevy was fishing, with loud shrieks, for parcels, at a shilling a bite: sheer gambling—horrid! I turned to a grim, military-looking person who was watching with apparent disapproval, and said, "Tut, tut, this sort of thing"—I had met him the day before at the Squire's but hadn't a notion who he was—"this sort of thing makes one almost sigh for Dis-establishment—what?"

It was a bad effort, because he happened to be the patron of the living, and vicar's warden, and all that. So I lost *him*; and then a girl came up to me with a sort of camp-bed—same girl and same cushion, in fact.

"Won't you change your mind?" she said.

"I have changed it," said I; "I thought they were cauliflowers, and now I believe they are pine-apples."

"Oh! you're horrid," she said. So we parted again, and I drifted up to the end where the band (brass) was playing a selection of ecclesiastical music. At least, "The Gadabout Girl." But, the breeze from a bombardon setting in too stiffly for me, even with my collar up, I won through to the Art Gallery. You

know the sort of thing—a framed receipt for overweight luggage labelled "The Last Charge at Waterloo," and so on.

"Tut, tut," I said to the curate-showman, "if the Church encourages you to do this, my boy, I shall have to think about voting for Dis-estab—" And then I found the patron of the living beside me, eyeing me suspiciously askance. *Real Pan-Anglicans* rather terrify me—I always suspect them of a hankering after thumbscrews; so I went out again; and *she* came round for the third time.

"It's getting shop-soiled," I said. "Better have your Summer Sale, and let it go at half-price."

"Oh! you *are* horrid," she said; but she smiled (such a kind face), and I wandered away upon a disconsolate search for Plimleys.

Next time she came round it was green; it had been red before.

"This is the other side of it," she explained.

"Heavens! . . . Well, at any rate I know the worst now," said I. And then the arrival of a plethoric gentleman in gaiters and a black apron threw the tent into a state of seething excitement, and we had to look to ourselves. By the time I had straightened my collar and tie and recovered my hat she stood before me once more.

"Look here," I said, "you're the ninth girl with a cushion—Oh! it's you! No, not to-day, thank you." But the next time we met, as I couldn't think of anything more to say, I bought it for ten shillings. "And will you kindly put it in paper for me?" I said.

"Hold it while I go and look for a *Telegraph*," she commanded, and straightway deserted me.

Shortly afterwards, catching sight of a Plimley at last, I made towards her eagerly, to ask if I might go home and have a quiet cry. Without a sign of recognition she turned from me and deliberately got lost again! I tried to approach others; I thirsted for human companionship; but I had become an outcast. People thought I wanted to sell it. Cowards! Oh! the cowards!

When I was at my very lowest a voice sounded mockingly in my ear: "Aren't you glad you came?"

I scowled fiercely, and she passed on with a pink-and-purple tea-cosy.

The slow minutes wore on, and there seemed nothing in all the world to do but cast my cushion down on some unoccupied spot and sit on it. I was debating whether to do this, or to jam it suddenly into the trumpet of the gramophone that had opened fire on my left, raise the wild war-cry of my clan, and make a dash for freedom, when a lady in front of me put up her lorgnette and studied my cushion with a cold and passionless gaze.

"Mildred," she said to her daughter,—who was old enough, as even Miss Sutton would admit; but no matter—"Mildred, ask that young man the price of his cushion."

At that—perhaps it was something in the tone of her voice—an inexplicable longing to show my independence assailed me; to look her straight in the eyeglasses and say: "No, madam, no. Take your paltry money elsewhere. *Civis Romanus sum*,—and it's my cushion. A large thing, but mine own." But as I stood there, bowed down like a man grown prematurely old, holding up my incubus desperately with both hands by a fold of its skin, my spirit weakened.

"What is the price of that cushion, please?" said Mildred frostily.

"Fifteen shillings spot cash," I replied. "Thank you."

They took it from me. Somehow they took it from me, and I stood erect again, a free man. Oh! the blessedness of that moment! Free, free, and with the best years of my life, perhaps, still before me. I plunged gaily into the thick of the crowd, I laughed aloud, I no longer minded the band. . . .

Then came a fleeting vision of purple-and-pink, and an anxious voice in my ear: "Good gracious! whatever have you done with *It*?"

"Sold it again," I said triumphantly, "for fifteen shillings."

"No! The Vicar *will* be pleased," she exclaimed.

"I don't see why he should be," I answered coldly, and so pushed on, heedless of the troubled wonder in her eyes.

Well, others may fly the Channel or wander hungrily in absurd realms of ice. I will not belittle their achievements. But I am the only man who ever walked out of a Church Bazaar richer than he entered it.

That is my title to Fame. I am content to let it rest at that.

From a circular distributed by the School Board of Glasgow:

"Arrangements have been made to form Classes in which special attention will be given to English, Grammar, and Composition."

For the moment let us confine ourselves to spelling.

Modern English.

"Aviation" is vexation,

"Dirigible" is as bad,

The "monoplane" is quite insane,

And "aero" drives me mad.

The Journalistic Touch.

"At this time of year wasps are a subject of perennial interest."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

HUBERT WRENCH.

AN ESSAY IN UNCTION.

[With acknowledgments to Mr. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT's appreciation of Mr. HUBERT WRENCH in a contemporary.]

OF all the figures who have recently swum into the histrionic ken, none is more arresting than Mr. HUBERT WRENCH, the new tenant of the Pall Mall Theatre. His is truly a luminous personality, with his Titanic Michelangelesque torso, and those piercing velvety black eyes which remind one by turns of the aquiline optics of the Ancient Mariner and the most powerful BLÉRIOT acetylene lamp. As a youth he was a famous athlete, renowned for tossing the caber and heaving the hundredweight—he represented the University of Oxford in both of these events, and established a record in his last year by hurling the caber amongst the spectators and seriously injuring the Prime Warden of New College. Viewed from an anthropometric standpoint, again, he is a man of singular and massive proportions, measuring no less than two inches more round the head, six inches round the chest and four round the calf, than Mr. HALL CAINE.

But enough of externals. It is the exuberant mentality of the new director that lends him his chief charm. Bred up on the classics he had translated PERSIUS into Maeso-Gothic before he entered his teens, and had set the paradigms of *ῥῆμα* to music before he left them. On leaving Oxford, where he was one of the most notorious "bloods" of the Bullingdom Club, and took a double First, HUBERT WRENCH studied bombination at Barcelona, Esperanto at the Cape of Good Hope, double bass at Burton, and jiu-jitsu at Tokio. For many years a highly-placed official on the Board of Education, he had a third of England under his control, and ruled it with a rod of iron. Indeed he is said to be the only man in the world of whom the redoubtable Sir ROBERT MORANT was thoroughly afraid. So it has come to pass that he combines the spiritual intensity of a Bollandist with the athleticism of a C. B. FRY; the elasticity of an Archimandrite with the austere iconoclasm of a Doukhobor. . . . He is, in short, a histrionic aviator who soars on the bi-plane of a centrifugal enthusiasm far into the empyrean of choriambic hallucination. A hero-worshipper of the most catholic temper, it is hard to say whether he cherishes a deeper devotion for SIDNEY WEBB or SIDNEY LEE, for ALCHIBADES or DR. CLIFFORD, for SEMIRAMIS or MRS. PANKHURST. An academic Socialist of the most advanced type he nevertheless condescends to associate with members of the hereditary aristocracy, and with characteristic heroism has gone so far



Ethel (finding the sermon tedious, and thinking it high time for the collection). "OH, MOTHER, DO PAY THE MAN, AND LET'S GO HOME."

as to offer a small non-speaking part to a ducal enthusiast in one of his forthcoming productions.

But this spiritual anarchy, this cosmic antinomianism runs right through his sumptuous and sonorous nature. He will present SHAKESPEARE with the same relentless impartiality that he will deal out to PAUL RUBENS, TOLSTOI, LORD ROSSLYN, STRINDBERG, CECIL RALEIGH, MOLIÈRE and LORD SAFFRON DE WALDEN.

Much more might be said of this brave, this beatific hierophant of the higher histrionics, but the utmost exploits of unbridled eulogy must always fall far short of the transcendental reality. Indeed, it is difficult to speak of him without

screeching. For HUBERT (as he graciously permits me to call him) is already enrolled amongst that hierarchy of elect souls whose pellucid purpose and high-souled enthusiasm for the reformation of social conditions make them "lovely and endurable [*sic*] in the sight of man and ultimately secure them the conquest of the world."

[Ought I to put "Advt."?—Ed. *Punch*.]

"The Rev. T. T. Blockley, a tourist, was suddenly approached by some young men and asked to marry a couple inside the church. Mr. Blockley did as he was requested, and made the bride happy."—*Daily Mail*.

What about the bridegroom's feelings?

AN UNCONVINCING NARRATIVE.

[Yet a third claimant to the Pole has arisen. We print his statement with reserve, and must request our readers to await the necessary scientific proof before giving credence to his story.]

COME, gather around, my 'earties, and listen awhile to me,
For I 'ave a yarn to spin you, a yarn of the Polar Sea;
It's as true as I'm standing here, lads, as true as it blows
a gale,
That I was the first as nearly burst a-finding the Great Big
Nail—

As sworn to by ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C. CLEGG, Sir
FORTESCUE FLANNERY, and the Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL.

It was all of a parky morning that wunnerful 4th of March,
When I put on a hextry weskit and made for the Marble
Arch;

So I sez good-bye to my country, "Lunnon." I sez, "adoo!"
And I up and strode down the Edgware Road athirsting
to see it through,

Followed by ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C. CLEGG, Sir
FORTESCUE FLANNERY, and the Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL.

I 'adn't no blooming gum-drops, I 'adn't no polar bears,
I 'adn't no sextant neither, but I thinks to myself, "'Oo
cares?"

And I waggled my watch-chain jaunty, which was jewelled
in every hole,

"I can always steer by my cumpas 'ere, it's pointing
straight to the Pole."

"So it is!" said ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C. CLEGG, Sir
FORTESCUE FLANNERY, and the Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL.

I walked for the 'ole of that morning, then I sez to myself,
"Old son,

This here is a dash-for-the-Pole like, and it's darn little
dash you 've done."

So I enters an 'andy station, and I sez to the man in the
'utch,

"'Ere, gimme a ticket as goes to Wick—no, a first-return
—ow much?"

Ah, and five third singles for ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C.
CLEGG, Sir FORTESCUE FLANNERY, and the Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL.

We sailed from Wick to the northward for 'undreds of days
and nights,

Till we came at last to the ice-floes and followed the
Northern lights,

The Horroreo-boreo-balis, which it turned us all 'orrible pale,
And I sez to my men, "To-morrow and then we shall land
at the Great Big Nail."

"'Ooray!" said ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C. CLEGG, Sir
FORTESCUE FLANNERY and the Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL.

'Twas the cumpas as went and found it—it seemed to have
turned its head,

It would spin like mad for a minute and then it would lay
like dead;

It took on just like a wild thing, you'd almost 'a sworn it
cried,

Till at last it shot through the glass and got right up on
its end and died.

"That *proves* it," cried ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C. CLEGG,
Sir FORTESCUE FLANNERY, and the Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL.

We gave three cheers for ole England and we up with the
Union Jack,

And we plugged our pipes and we smoked 'em and we
thought about getting back;

But a wunnerful pride so filled us as we sat on top of the
Ball,

That innocent tears (the first for years) rolled out of the
eyes of all,

Partikerlarly out of those of ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C.
CLEGG, Sir FORTESCUE FLANNERY, and the Cardinal
MERRY DEL VAL.

Then I called for a pen and paper, and I wrote to the KING,
"Dear King,

I've found the Pole, and I'm tying a piece of it up with
string;

I'll send it round in the morning for your Majesty's grace
to see;

Just drop me a wire, if you like it, Sire, and I'll collar the
lot! Signed: Me.

Witnesses: ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C. CLEGG, Sir FOR-
TESCUE FLANNERY and the Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL.

So that's how it 'appened, my 'earties, no matter what
others may say.

(Did they *see* the Pole? They didn't! That *proves* I 'ad
took it away.)

It's as true as I'm standing here, lads, as true as *The
Daily Mail*,

That I was the first as nearly burst a-finding the Great
Big Nail. A. A. M.

ON MAKING A BEGINNING.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Daily Telegraph* complains of the
"leave-me-aloneness" prevailing among business men in
City restaurants. He would like "to alter the existing state
of things so that one might exchange a few friendly remarks
to lighten the burden of the day." "I wonder what would
bring about such an agreeable change in the deeply insular
and absorbed ways of the Londoner?" he asks.

Well, there is of course the weather with which to start
friendly conversation. A common mistake with those who
use this topic is to make some obvious remark that can be
dismissed with a monosyllabic reply of polite agreement. But,
properly used, the subject can be made to lead to discussion.
On a bright autumn day, for instance, remark to your
neighbour, "Very snowy, isn't it?" He will give you a
discoarteous look, and say, "I beg your pardon." Your
reply should be, "Very snowy, I said—not here, of course,
but at the North Pole"; and there you are with the subject
of the day before you.

Another way of getting into conversation is to call the
manager and accuse your neighbour of picking your pocket.
After the disturbance is over the exchange of profuse
apologies and genial assurances that it is nothing may be
the beginning of a life-long friendship.

A method that has rarely failed is that of asking for the
honour of paying for your neighbour's lunch. This generally
brings a reply of some kind, and as often as not the bright
chat which follows can by tactful management be made so
interesting that the offer that began it is quite forgotten by
both parties.

A further graceful introduction to conversation we
witnessed in a City restaurant only last Friday. Two
strangers were lunching at a table, one an Englishman and
the other apparently a Frenchman. Suddenly the latter,
with all the charm and *abandon* for which his race is noted,
filled his glass from the Englishman's bottle, and heartily
drank his health, afterwards addressing a few felicitous and
well-chosen words of admiration and esteem. It was an
exceedingly pretty incident.

"It was also rumoured that the Pole was surrounded by ice."

This startling report is being circulated by a Shetland paper,
and still awaits denial.



Match-seller (indicating Motorist who has brusquely refused offer of his wares.) "ERE Y'ARE! NORF POLE STIKES! 'OO 'LL BACK 'IM FER A PLICE?"

"THOSE DUKES, HOW THEY HARASS US!"

Mr. Lloyd-George.

A VIVID commentary on the above historic phrase is furnished by two events recorded in the same issue of *The Daily Chronicle*.

First of all we read with ever growing indignation how "Silverlands," the bijou and appropriately named Surrey residence of Sir JOHN BRUNNER, M.P., standing in its well-wooded grounds in a lonely spot a mile and a half from Chertsey, was entered by burglars, who succeeded in getting away with—

- Two enamel boxes.
- Four small silver ships.
- Bottom of a large ship in silver.
- Several silver vases.
- Small silver table.
- Two small silver jars.
- Small silver cradle.
- Silver knives and forks.
- Foreign neck collar studded with jewels.
- Old-fashioned ring.
- Small silver piano.
- Silver photo frame.
- Four Indian ornaments.
- Two fluted silver vases.
- Silver card-case.
- Antique French clock.

And finally twelve silver trowels and silver keys presented to Sir JOHN BRUNNER

when opening institutions or laying foundation stones in different parts of the country.

The calamity which has befallen Sir JOHN BRUNNER is grievous enough in itself, but its severity is enhanced a thousand-fold by its coincidence and contrast with a similar visit paid to a notorious representative of that class now generally admitted to consist of the enemies of the human race.

While the Duke and Duchess of NORTHUMBERLAND were in residence at Syon House, some burglars carried a ladder a quarter of a mile across Syon Park and effected an entry into the library. The Duke's private desk was forced open and his papers tumbled about. But with a cowardly consideration that cannot be too severely reprobated the burglars did not touch the valuable silver articles, inkstands and other ornaments, which were lying about, while the priceless collection of portraits of the Seymour and Somerset families, in a corridor, which might easily have been cut from their frames, were not interfered with.

Of the silver opportunity thus neglected we say nothing, but that burglars, presumably equipped with

suitable weapons, should have thrown away the golden chance of purloining the pictorial family records of a ferocious despot gives rise in Radical bosoms to thoughts that lie too deep for tears.

We have good reason to believe that when the news was broken to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, their anguish was something painful to witness.

The theory that the burglary at Syon House was committed by Sir EDWARD GREY in his desire to possess himself of the originals of his correspondence with the Duke has met with credence in certain quarters, and Mr. BELLOC, M.P., will probably ask a question of the Foreign Secretary at an early opportunity.

"Congratulations are to-day due to the Rev. A. A. Dauncey and Mrs. Dauncey, who are celebrating their 'silver wedding.' Mr. and Mrs. Dauncey were married on September 3rd, 1184.

"On Sunday last Mr. and Mrs. Elias Neel, of 21, Maze-hill, East Greenwich, celebrated their 'golden wedding,' they having been married on August 29th, 1895."

The Kentish Mercury.

After all, the day of the month is the great thing.



FOOTBALL RESULTS.

AMID THE RUSH AND ROAR OF OUR MODERN BABYLON, IT IS ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL TO GO APART AND COMMUNE WITH SOME TWIN SOUL UPON THE THEMES WHICH GIVE A MEANING TO LIFE.

THE NEW HEAVY PATERNITY.

[With acknowledgments to the Editor of "The Wonder Box."]

MY DEAREST TOTLETS,—We can never say quite what we want to say in this imperfect world of ours. And as I sit in my old armchair in my dear old den and think of all the

BILLIONS OF BRIGHT-EYED BABES who will take this letter out of our first BILGE TUB, heart and voice fail me and the foolish tears will flow. In the really great moments of life words are of little

use. We can only ladle out the slush of sentiment from the slop-pail of a full heart.

Thus it is that at this supreme moment I wish I could divide myself into a billion pieces so that we could gaze into each other's billion eyes and wallow in the undiluted

SLOB OF MUTUAL ADMIRATION.

I long to come into your lives, to share your infantile joys and ailments, to whoop with you in the whooping cough, to mumble with you in the mumps—in a word to help you and to have your help, financial as well as moral, as we meander,

hand in hand, through the good old maudlin world.

For although I am overflowing with the oleo-margarine of pure benevolence I want you, my dearest Totlets, distinctly to understand that I cannot afford to provide you with all these chunks of cheerfulness, all these rivers of joy, all the e bright and brainy puzzles, without a modest recompense. I want your love, but I want your pennies as well. I cannot catch sunshine for nothing. It is too arduous and heating a pursuit.

I count on you therefore, even while I am bathed in the dew of Christian superiority and universal benevolence, not only to buy the BILGE TUB yourselves but also to recommend it to everyone you know. My best wishes for you always.

Your affectionate Friend, THE EDITOR.

FROM A STOCKBROKER'S HOLIDAY DIARY.

Stubbleton-super-Mare. Monday.

TO-DAY'S business opened somewhat unfavourably on a rumour that bad weather would prevail, occasioning postponement of yachting option. Wife's temper flat, but reviving on change in weather conditions allowing the cruise to be made. Self suffered severe depression on the water, and after many fluctuations finished up slightly above the worst of the day.

Tuesday.

Wife and self maintained healthy tone throughout day. Fish in strong demand, but no rise recorded. Pierrots dull.

Wednesday.

Shopping brisk. Strong buying by wife. Anticipate heavy withdrawals of gold from bank. Saturday is Settling-day, when reaction is certain.

Thursday.

To-day promised to be generally uneventful—with nothing doing, and wife's mood very uncertain on my inability to offer anything brilliant in the way of a suggestion. Rally brought about by loan of a car. Wife buoyant. Rate well maintained on the road, but reduced in places on signals from scouts. In spite of "bear" opposition (her description of my warnings) wife insists on taking the wheel, and chauffeur's spirits drop 17 points. Anticipated crash takes place, followed by something like panic. Wife flung across ditch and hedge into field, where bulls are active. Runs to cover. Carry-over successfully accomplished.

Friday.

Heavy slump at bridge.

Saturday—Settling-day.

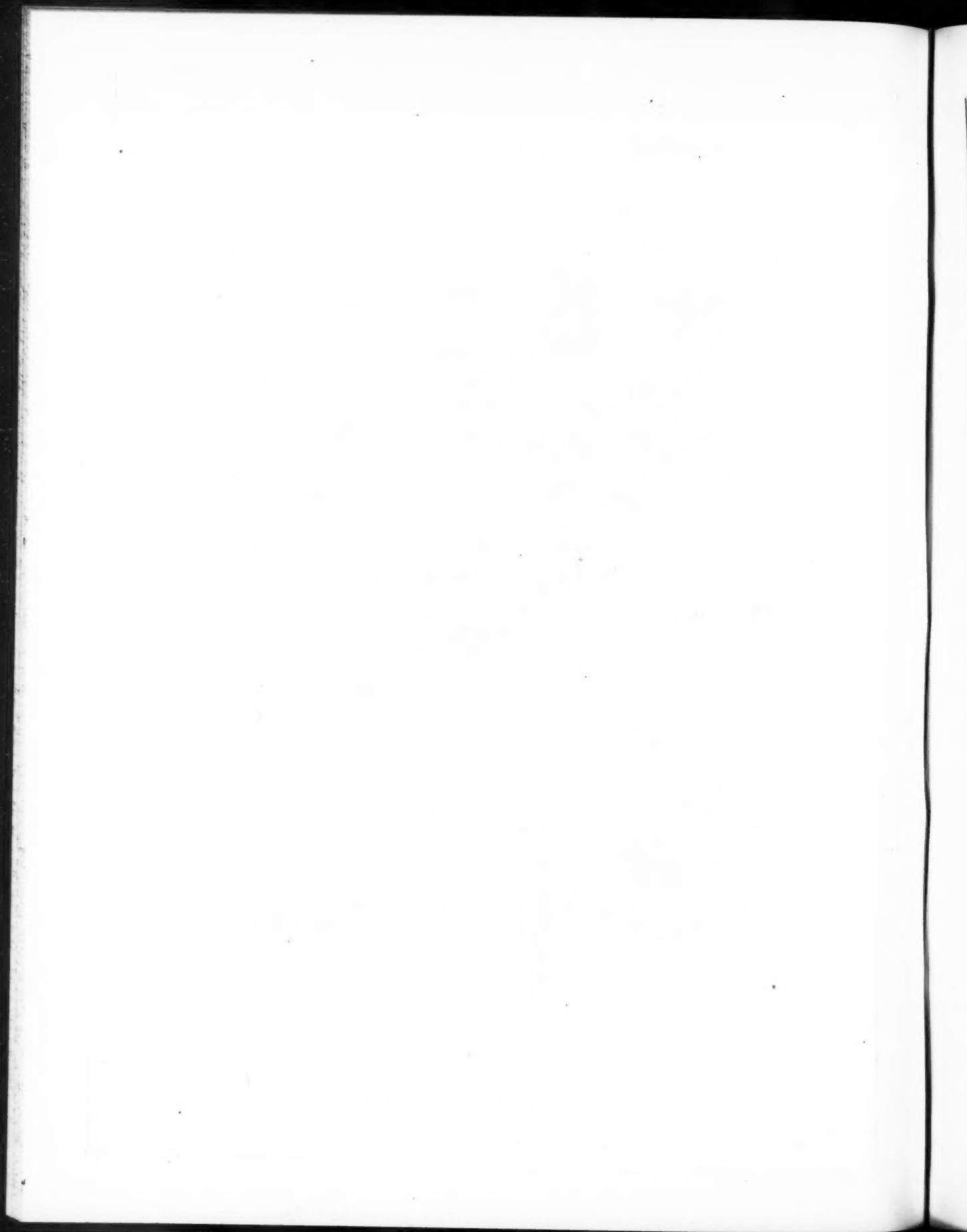
In view of last night's disastrous break, have been compelled to sell back portion of wife's Wednesday purchases at considerable loss on balance.

Hammered by wife.



AN UNDISPUTED CLAIM.

AMERICAN EAGLE. "MY POLE, ANYWAY!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

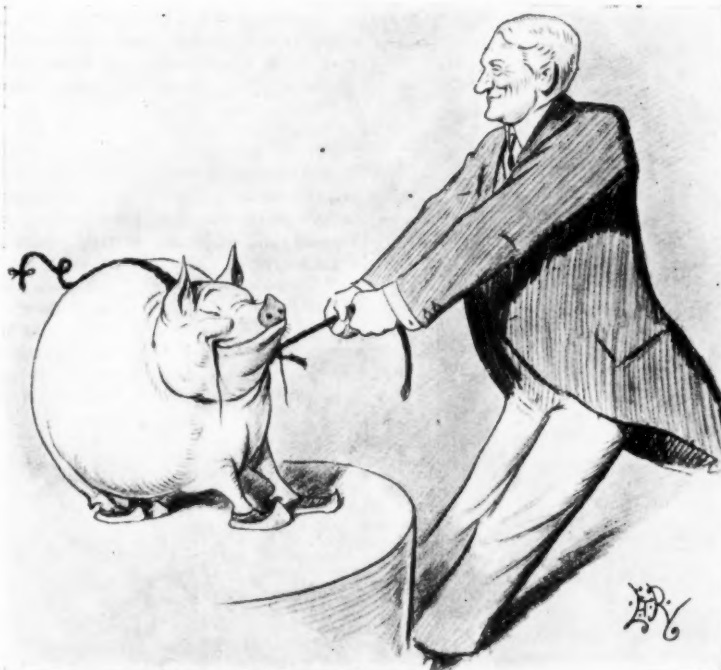
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, September 6.—Remarkable how closer and closer the manner of REES OF HINDUSTAN when interpolating a question resembles action of torpedo. The MEMBER FOR SARK's most vivid recollection of the sea pageant at Portsmouth was the torpedo attack on the *Dreadnought*. The battleship lay at anchor, a line of swiftly-steaming black-painted ships passing at a distance of something under a mile. As one after another steamed by, lookers-on observed something leap from a porthole into the sea. It sank beneath the water, its deadly course marked by pathway of bubbles tumultuously floating on the surface. Swiftly it advanced, and as it finally struck the guard of the battleship's hull there rose to the surface what looked like head of a dull-eyed fish with indication of a body shaped like a dolphin.

The passing ships were destroyers; these, torpedoes launched with unerring aim at the mighty target. Against the steel network that protected the hull they dashed impotently. There was an almost human look of despair about the fish heads as again and again they beat against what bluejackets call the ship's crinoline in frantic attempt to get at the hull.

Thus, or uncannily like it, is action of REES OF HINDUSTAN at Question hour. Someone having put Question on paper, he rises with craftily devised counterblast designed to bring the inquirer to ignominy. As soon as Irish Members catch sight of him they raise a shout of contumely. In low clear voice, making the most of pauses in uproar—the torpedo trying to make its way through the steel netting—REES persists. Again and again he is beaten back, till sometimes, as happened this afternoon, the SPEAKER interposes with suggestion that notice should be given of the question.

It was Chinese pork that brought the torpedoes into action to-day. DR. FELL, momentarily turning his attention aside from naval matters, dragged the alien on to the stage. O'SHAUGHNESSY, burning with patriotic jealousy, put supplementary question indicating that pork recently imported, tastily coloured in ochre or vermilion according to the predisposition of the purchaser, pertains to an animal which, prior to decease, fulfilled in its native town or village the function of street scavenger. JULIUS CÆSAR BURNS met this allegation by recitation of an idyll for which he quoted authority of Consul-General at Hankow. The rainbow-hued pork which of late illuminated Smithfield Market has (so he sang) its parentage in a



DR. FELL DRAGS IN THE CHINESE PIG.

special tribe of pig which, fed on rice scrupulously selected, roams flower-decked through the fair valley of the Yangtse.

It was at this juncture that the torpedo discharged from the corner seat above Gangway on Ministerial side was observed on its relentless course. The attack was marked by a peculiarity that added interest to the episode. The first torpedo was launched with unerring aim from the hon. Member's usual seat below Gangway. Probably with object of getting better aim, possibly on principle of alderman at City feast who, feeling the pangs of repletion, took a cool chair, REES for his second shot stepped across the Gangway, firing away from adjoining corner seat. Effect the same. Torpedo foiled, the baffled destroyer steamed out into the silent sea.

Business done.—Development and Road Improvement Funds Bill read second time by overwhelming majority.

Wednesday, 1 A.M.—MR. VERNEY, waking up just now, having suffered nine hours' talk round Clause 30 of Budget Bill, found himself famous. The Opposition were at his feet. It seemed as if he needed but to lift a finger and they would crown him Leader of a finally united Party. SHENSTONE, comfortable under care of mine host at Henley, recorded how he "found the warmest welcome at an inn." The burst of enthusiasm

that this morning broke on VERNEY's astonished head greeted him on leaving an inn.

Debate turned on new version of ancient jape. "When is an inn not an inn?" was the question put. Answer: "When it's a restaurant." After long wrangling, VERNEY in voice trembling with emotion told a story about "a small well-conducted country inn" threatened with ruin by the Budget.

"I know that inn," he said. "I have often been there."

The note of pathetic memory that made musical this last remark touched a sensitive Opposition.

"Vote with us," they cried, metaphorically mopping the moist eyes of the Member for North Bucks.

Idea caught on. Here was a good Liberal, moved by personal experience, in revolt against the Budget. If they could only get him into the Division Lobby with them it would not turn out the Government, but it would be a useful object-lesson. The BOY SAMUEL, scenting danger, moved the Closure. Hereupon what had been a ripple of genuine sympathy meandering through Opposition camp bounded over Treasury Bench a cascade of indignation.

"Why don't you answer your own side?" WINTERTON, always eager for information, shouted.

Turning upon VERNEY, who began to



"THE BOY SAMUEL, SCENTING DANGER, MOVED THE CLOSURE."
(Rt. Hon. Herbert Samuel.)

grow alarmed at the turmoil, Opposition with one voice (and that loud) besought him to come over, help, and be helped. Scene was in its way reminiscent of the crisis in the war between North and South America, when Maryland hung trembling in the balance. Someone—was it Lord ROBERT CECIL?—hummed the old war-song:

"The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland, my Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Revenge the patriotic gore
That stained the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!"



"MARY'BONE, MY MARY'BONE!"
"Someone—was it Lord Robert Cecil?—
hummed the old war-song."
(Gen'l Robert K. Cecil, U.S.A.)

Like Maryland, VERNEY was wavering. LEIF JONES seated himself by his side with evident intent of bucking him up. Hereupon a perfect howl of execration rose from Opposition. A little mixed in moment of excitement, one shouted across the floor:

"Lief him alone, LEAVE JONES."

But everybody knew what was meant. Amid the din the CHAIRMAN mutely put the Question. Tellers named and the order given to clear the Lobby, the Opposition remained seated, watching the champion of the country inn.

"Vote with us, VERNEY!" they shouted. "Come along, now's your chance!"

Slowly VERNEY uplifted his columnar form. There was a look of anguish on his face as he glanced first at door of Opposition Lobby, then at that through



"VERNEY WAS WAVERING."
(Mr. F. W. Verney.)

which Ministerial host streamed. As he finally turned in latter direction, an agonised cry of "Oh!" went up from the Opposition, rising and falling like the moaning of the wind in bleak pine forest on a winter night.

But VERNEY voted with his party only on the Closure. On the consequential division, dealing with the hostile amendment, Maryland went with the South.

Business done.—At 3.25 A.M. House adjourned, having passed Clauses 30 and 31 of Budget Bill.

Thursday.—LLOYD-GEORGE laments the turn of fate that placed the North Pole under a foreign flag. Had it been added to British Territory it would have brought with it illimitable opportunity of fresh taxation. What countless miles of undeveloped land surround it at respectful distance! What unparalleled richness of ungotten minerals the dark

unfathomed caves of ocean beneath it bear! But there is no hope.

GILBERT PARKER, with untameable instinct for added Empire, asks the PREMIER, Who owns the Pole? Assuming it be true that Commander PEARY has, as he affirms, nailed the American Flag to the concrete projecting spar, will the action give the United States right of possession over the region?

PREMIER not easily drawn. You can't touch him up with a Pole, however long, howsoever far north.

"The question," he said, "involves too much hypothetical matter to justify a definite answer."

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's eyes now turn hopefully to Antarctic regions. If the American eagle has swarmed up the North Pole, the British Lion must fold his tail round the South Pole. In that region also there is unlimited land undeveloped, ungotten minerals galore.

Business done.—Licensing Clauses of Budget Bill through Committee.

FOR ALL TIMES AND SEASONS.

MESSRS. Press, Button & Co., the enterprising American firm, whose object in life is to save time and labour, have just issued a most admirable skeleton article for the use of magazine editors, which it is claimed will reduce the expenses very considerably, while doing everything that the public requires. As is well known, the reader to-day of magazines or weekly papers has but one desire, and that is to learn all he can about his heroes on the stage, in politics, or in literature, and he is especially pleased when they describe what they consider their best achievement. There must be the personal touch. He does not mind how familiar, how hackneyed the setting, provided there are enough new gems in it. In any capable interview the gems are of course supplied by the celebrity; the setting is the work of the interviewer. It is slight enough work, but it costs something, and the thanks of all editors should be given to Messrs. Press, Button & Co. for saving them even that something. The invention takes the form of a skeleton interview with a number of spaces to be filled up by the celebrity, to whom it is posted—with a stamped envelope enclosed. That is not particularly novel; the striking thing about this patent is the fulness of the directions, very American in their minuteness and clarity, which accompany it. It begins thus:

WHAT WAS MY BEST WORK?

It was a beautiful morning on which our representative wended his way to [here insert address, or name of town],

with the pleasing purpose in view of calling upon [here insert name] the well-known and popular [here insert line of country: actor, politician, artist, author, motorist], the record of a chat with whom, he knew, would prove so acceptable to the readers of [here insert name of periodical.] Mr. [name], who had just returned from [here insert his occupation: riding, spin in his motor, rehearsal, visit to Premier, or whatever it is], grasped his hand with cordial warmth and a bright smile of welcome and courteously led the way to his sumptuously upholstered [here insert studio, den, library, study, garage, or whatever it is], where, waving him to a seat and producing the cigarettes, he asked what he could do for him. [Note: there is also a form of this article in which spaces are left for the name of the maker of the car, upholsterer, brand of cigarette, and so forth.] "I make a point," Mr. [name] began, "of never being interviewed, but I have received so much kindness at the hands of the [name of periodical] and I have so much sympathy with its outlook that I cannot refuse a few words for the readers of such an admirable [paper or magazine]. You want to know what I consider the best thing I have ever done? It is not an easy question to answer, but I will try. I think that [here insert the particulars: name of picture, title of book, rôle in a play, or whatever it is] is the best thing I ever [painted, wrote, played.] I think so because it fulfils the greatest number of the conditions required of the highest canons of art. There is a story connected with this [picture, book, performance] which, though to recount it may lay me under the charge of vanity, I must do myself the pleasure to repeat. The late [duke or earl] of [title] told me not long before he died that he had derived extraordinary comfort from it. 'That [picture, book or performance,]' he said to me, 'is unique. I maintain that you are the only man in Europe who could have [painted, written, or performed] it.' Very gratifying, was it not? The conversation took place at the [name of club], and I remember that there were also present [name] and [name] and [name] the wit, and poor old [name], one of the kindest of Bohemians."

Mr. [name] was interrupted at this point by the entry of his beautiful wife, who, linking her arm affectionately into his, joined in the conversation with vivacity and charm.

There is a lot more, but enough has been given to illustrate the extreme value of the article. The price is so low that no editor can afford to be without a parcel of them, and no journalist can afford to compete with it. And surely that is one of the ends of American enterprise!



Fisherman (chaffing Pensioner). "THEY TELL ME, KENNY, THAT ALL YOUR OLD-AGE PENSION GOES IN DRINK."

Kenny. "NO, MAN, NO' A PENNY O' MY PENSION AM I SPENDIN' ON THE DRINK."

Fisherman. "WHERE DO YOU GET THE MONEY FOR WHISKY, THEN?"

Kenny. "JUST FROM REAL GENTLEMEN LIKE YERSEL."

BAYARD AND PUSS IN BOOTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Who says that the age of chivalry is dead?

Listen to the following unvarnished tale of rescue by a modern knight-errant:

"I was on the pier at a large seaside resort the other evening, and, happening to go down on to the landing stage, I, in a remote part of it, came upon a young lady in great distress, in fact she was on the verge of hysteria. She told me that one of her heels had become fixed in the grating, and in trying to release it the other had also jammed, and she had been a prisoner for over an hour. I unbuttoned her boots and assisted her to get out of them, and then with

some difficulty succeeded in rescuing them from the grating in a more or less damaged condition. I found them to be a pair of very smart patent leather boots, with heels very little short of four inches in height. It would of course have been quite simple for her to have got out of her boots before, but apparently her waist was so pinched and her dress so tight that she was unable to stoop down to unbutton them."

Surely the hero of this poignant incident, who recently vouched for its veracity over his own name in *The Chronicle*, would be a fitting recipient of the Order of Merit.

Cordially yours,

MORDECAI STUTTERS.

Paradise Lodge, Southend.

ONE BETTER.

DEAR, when I gaze into your eyes,
Whose light—I give my word—outvies
The very sun,
Show me, I say, a pair as blue,
As deep, as clear, and so forth—pooh!
There isn't one.

And when beneath the friendly trees
I give your hand an ardent squeeze
Down in the wood
I feel, whate'er of ill may be,
It is the solid fact to me
That this is good.

When coyly on my heaving breast
You, in expansive moments, rest
Your head and hat,
Why, then to all the world I cry,
Take it or leave it, what care I?
You won't beat that!

But when the failing day is low,
And love (inversely) seems to grow
Ever more fond;
When, somewhat nervously, I press
Upon your lips a chaste caress,
And you respond;—

I am as one that's blind—I reel—
I don't know what to say—I feel
A swift shock strike
My whole soul through; and in my bliss,
"This," I remark with fervour, "this
Is something like."

DUM-DUM.

A SLUMP IN NICOTINE.

MANY are the insidious and far-reaching effects of the present Budget, and now we have to note an especially poignant and olfactory outcome, of which we trust that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will take due notice—and mend his ways. The Goddess Nicotine is in a fair way to be dethroned by My Lady Lollipop. It appears that an increasing class of smokers, unable to meet the enhanced price of tobacco, are finding a substitute in sweets. A large proportion of football enthusiasts, it is said, are being obliged to steady their nerves and control their hysteria with the soothing acid drop, *vice* the more full-flavoured, but ruinous, fag. The next step will be to provide Peppermint Compartments in railway trains.

We shudder for Mr. BARRIE, forced to bring out his next successor to *Peter Pan* under the influence of brandy-balls. Ourselves, at the present moment, are trying to light a chocolate cigarette with a tandstickor and have laid in a stock of Edinburgh rock to the confusion of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE.

"DR. COOK ON THE RACK," says a *Daily News* poster. This must be our old Danish friend, the Ska_{ger} Rack.

AT THE PLAY.

KING LEAR.

If among those who saw Mr. HERBERT TRENCH's presentation of *King Lear* last Wednesday there were any who had never read the play, there must have been times when they were rather puzzled. The First Act seems on the stage so childish: *Lear's* division of his kingdom among his daughters perfect farce; *Edmund's* villainy perfect melodrama, even down to the forged letter. Is this, he



Scene—A Heath (more or less blasted).
Time—Circ. 900 B.C.
Weather—Present Day.

King Lear . . . Mr. NORMAN McKINNEL.

would have asked himself, really the greatest tragedy in the world? Afterwards he would have admitted that it was; but minor difficulties of construction would then have arisen to puzzle him. What, for instance, were the relations of *Goneril* and *Regan* with *Edmund*?

Now, although *King Lear* will always read better than it plays, Mr. TRENCH and his company must not be held blameless for the mystification of the unread spectator. We might well have been given more of the scenes between the wicked sisters and the villain, and the fact that these were cut down brought about, in the midst of tragedy, a most laughable situation. Thus:—

ACT V., SCENE 2 (*on the stage*).

Gentleman. Help! Help! O help. . . .
O, she's dead!

Albany. Who dead? Speak, man.
Gentleman. Your lady, sir, your lady. And her sister by her is poisoned.

Edmund (*dying, in a very melancholy voice*).
I was contracted to them both.

This of course is the actual text; but owing to the omission of previous scenes

the situation came upon the audience so suddenly that there were titters all over the theatre.

I don't think Mr. NORMAN McKINNEL helped us to get through the first scene as well as he might have done. *Lear* was, I imagine, an obstinate and rather silly old man, who had already decided how to divide his kingdom and had thought of a little birthday joke with which to pass it off. It had seemed to him quite a funny idea, and when *Cordelia* was sweetly serious over it he lost his temper; each of them being obstinate the tragedy followed. Mr. McKINNEL was too big and strong and dignified for this. I am sure that he didn't realise that old men will have their little jokes; I am sure that in that first scene he didn't realise how old he was. He was splendid afterwards, when the character suited him better.

I have no quarrel with Mr. DAWSON MILWARD because the childish villainies of *Edmund* were not made to seem more natural. *Edmund* belongs to an age, when the most simple plot seemed supernaturally cunning and the jokes of the *Fool* were bearable. Yet it was a pity that of all the players he and *Edgar* had the most modern manner. The surprise of the cast to me was Mr. CHARLES V. FRANCE's performance as the *Earl of Kent*. I have seen him play well in many modern comedies, and I thought that he least of all would give the illusion of 900 B.C. Yet he did; he was *Kent* every inch; and I found his performance the most enjoyable of the evening. Mr. FISHER WHITE was excellent as the cruel *Cornwall*, but nobody would have expected anything else from such a talented actor. All the three sisters were good; one would have liked to see more of so sweet a *Cordelia* as Miss ELLEN O'MALLEY.

It was a fine performance, interesting for every moment, at times almost overpowering. Mr. TRENCH is to be congratulated on his first venture; Mr. CHARLES RICKETTS on his beautiful scenery and costumes; Mr. McKINNEL on the acting, both particularly and generally. On one point I must sympathise with him. When in the Fourth Act he came to the words:

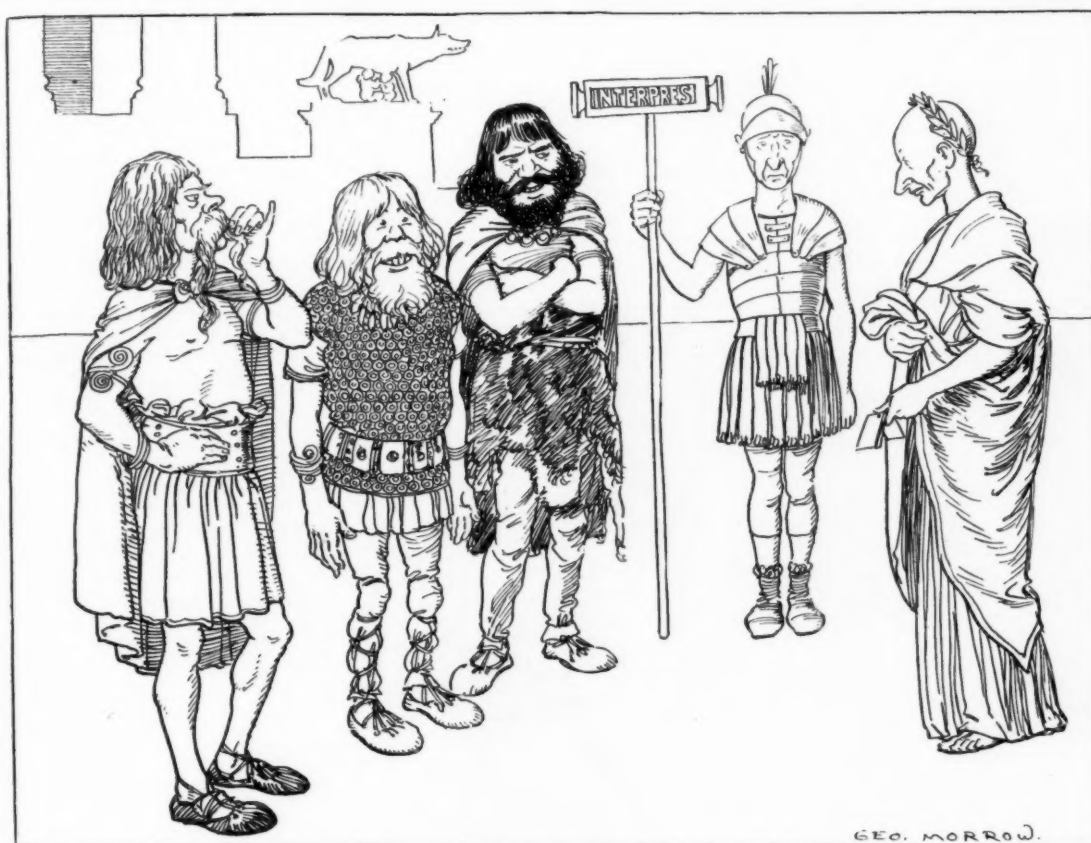
"Get thee glass eyes
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not—"

a prosperous gentleman behind me, who thought it was an impromptu gag, cheered lustily. I am afraid that this will happen on every night. M.

"Showers of rain notwithstanding, a large crowd of inhabitants of the district attended. Included was a sprinkling of Radicals."

Devon and Exeter Gazette.

This is even worse, writes a stalwart Tory, than raining cats and dogs.



GEO. MORROW.

EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—II.

JULIUS CESAR INTERVIEWING BARBARIAN CAPTIVES ON THE SUBJECT OF THE PREVENTION AND CURE OF BALDNESS.

ROOSEVELT.

WHAT ails our ROOSEVELT? Where on earth is he—
On earth, or haply on the crested sea?
Where does he make his home? The months have passed
In slow procession since we glimpsed him last.
ROOSEVELT, with one of his Homeric laughs,
Had shot, I think, some four or five giraffes:
And KERMIT, whom I also keep my eye on,
Had greatly foiled a partly damaged lion.
These were their deeds; since then the wires are dumb;
From Afric's wastes no joyous word has come,
And, though with budgeting we may be busy,
We still find time to ask ourselves, "Where is he?"

For now the Filipinos hear no more
The massive sound of Mr. ROOSEVELT's roar.
The Standard Oil is fitly wrapped in gloom
Since TAFT is throned in Mr. ROOSEVELT's room;
And Congress stirs no more with any presage
Of Mr. ROOSEVELT's million-worded message.
They miss him there. In London *The Spectator*,
That patient animal-investigator,
Must miss him too, for, oh, it loved him well,
And oft to all the wondering world would tell
How Mr. ROOSEVELT was in truth a man
Formed on the patent Spectatorial plan,

A man as great as SOLOMON or HOMER,
And very nearly equal to Lord CROMER—
And now how changed and joyless are the days
It cannot fill with Mr. ROOSEVELT's praise.

* * * * *

Ah, but I know the song will sound again
Some day, and joy will be exchanged for pain.
No, not in Africa—not there, not there
Lingers our ROOSEVELT, swift to do and dare.
No lions tempt his rifle, but the bear,
The white, the Arctic, to his icy home
Lures ROOSEVELT on across the frozen foam.
And many a dog and many an Eskimo
Goes with him on his perilous journey slow;
And soon a message will rejoice our soul:—
"PEARY and Cook be hanged! I, ROOSEVELT, have the Pole!"

What to Do with Our Parents.

"Clergyman (Edinburgh) recommends exceptional home for one boy
or young child; parents abroad, or attending school."—*The Scotsman*.

From the narrative of an old sailor called BARCLAY:

"Three years and four months ago I was sitting in a public-house
in the herring station of Reykjavik, Iceland, when Dr. Cook came in.
I had been there then two years."—*Liverpool Echo*.

In these alcoholic circumstances we should prefer the
evidence even of E—K. (We cannot give his name again.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SINCE the days when he began to write for the old *St. James's* I have consumed a good deal of Mr. PETT RIDGE's patent food for grown-up infants (that's you and me and all novel-readers of discernment), and I can cordially recommend the latest brand. The label, *Splendid Brother* (METHUEN), is of course ironical, for irony is to Mr. PETT RIDGE's books in the same proportion as water to the human body, and that, though I will never believe it, is said to be about 97 per cent. But the forcefulness of his irony is always tempered by a kindly sympathy with human nature, and his stupid, vulgar, low-down characters are positively almost as intelligent and chivalrous and high-minded as the people we see in the mornings when we are brushing or "doing" our hair. Leonard Drew, contractor, the "splendid" elder brother of Henry Drew, who tells the story, was a paragon of selfishness. But, like *The Egoist*, he had a leg, a happy knack of doing everything well and taking everybody in, especially his biographer. *Splendide mendax*, he lied and borrowed and stole his way up from the little New Cross shop where his mother sold American Cheddar and yellow soap, till, *via* the County Council, he almost became a Member of Parliament. And all the while Henry, who was virtuously but unpriggishly plodding his way towards a dear little wife and a tidy little fortune, believed in him, and financed him, and got him out of scrapes, and finally shipped him off to Australia, just as *David Copperfield* did with Mr. Micawber, to try a fresh start. In endeavouring to make him a little blind to his splendid brother's faults I think Mr. PETT RIDGE has rather overdone it. But he has overdone it very well.

So many thoughts crowded my mind when I had read a few pages of Mr. IAN D. COLVIN's book, *South Africa*, in the "Romance of Empire" Series (JACK) that I found it quite difficult to get on. I wondered, for instance, whether everybody else who talks familiarly of the Cape is as ignorant as I was, before Mr. COLVIN taught me the facts, that the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope was really a move in the fifteenth-century conflict between the Cross and the Crescent—an incident in a great Portuguese expedition to solve the mystery of the Moorish sources of wealth which were found to lie in their trade with the East in the Indian Ocean. There are hundreds of other things in Mr. COLVIN's fascinating book which I didn't know, but I cite this one because, if the mention of it should chance to hit anybody else rather badly, he can argue that it happened about five centuries ago, and there is some excuse for having forgotten it. Besides, as Mr. COLVIN himself says, "it is a little hard to realise that the Portuguese were exploring East Africa when the English were still fighting the Wars of the Roses, and that an army was being led three or four hundred miles up the Zambesi when Shakspeare was little more than a boy."

But he does not confine himself to these distant times. After the Portuguese came the Dutch and the English, the two joining sometimes "to doe the Portingalls all the spoyle that may bee, and to destroy their carracks and galleons." Then other nations. And so he traces the story, never dully, down to the British conquest and to still more recent times which even to me are not quite unfamiliar. A fine book for boys—of all ages.

When Mr. E. F. BENSON wrote *The Image on the Sands*, he wanted to make us believe that people might be possessed by two sorts of spirits, black and white (no, this is not an advertisement); but his brother, R. H., seems to have the authority of his Church for holding that it is only possible to evoke the powers of darkness. In *The Necromancers* (HUTCHINSON) he tells the story of a young man who dabbles in magic with disastrous results, and is only saved after a

terrible crisis by the will-power of the girl who loves him. A sympathetic study of a thoroughly sincere and able medium is introduced; and the hero's aunt, a lady whose religious thought moves on a very ordinary plane, makes a good contrast to the "intenseness" of most of the characters. The author's imaginative skill and descriptive power throughout are quite at their best, but as to his argument I confess I am not quite clear. The spirits of the blest, he seems to say, cannot return to earth, because they are otherwise and more happily engaged; so the demons of evil seize the opportunity of mediumistic trances and occupy mortal bodies. But, seeing that spirits are admittedly beyond all temporal and spatial limitations, it is surely impossible to prove that they cannot be in two places or doing two different things at once. Perhaps Mr. A. C. BENSON will step into the breach and smooth away my mystifications. At any rate I think a book of his might be guaranteed to lull the most malevolent and vindictive spooks to rest.

